

Prickly Pears From Old Cactus.

[Concluded.]

Well, after pouring out his whole soul in a liquidated stream, like lava from Etina's burning crater, and for fear the precious missive would miscarry delivered it in person. But alas! the ebony object of his desires (although she has swallowed Webster, Johnson, Wooster and poor Murray) did not digest, and estimated in her nonability to decipher the twenty-six Arabic hieroglyphics, thinking she had a good thing, (a letter from a white man) she took it to her mistress to read for her. As luck would have it, her mistress chanced to have company at tea, and the letter, in scarcely readable chirography, was referred to a committee of the whole, among whom was the lady and gentlemen with whom the aforesaid author of the letter was employed. It was "laid on the table as unfinished business," and as there was no appropriation required, the letter was passed without division to the allied world-be-Don-Juan, by the mistress of the house for which he works, and again "laid on the table," and it is now supposed that this "bill" has been pigeon-holed. Since then the young man's head has not been seen. Is it possible that he has "bagged" it?

Mrs. Sophia Thomas, the renowned caterer to pleasure's allurement, gave one of her celebrated social hops on Monday evening last, which knocked into a cocked hat anything that has as yet been attended at this post during the season. The supper was splendid, the dancing magnificent, the ladies and gentlemen were superbly dressed, and everything a la mode-bon ton. Among the delicacies on the table was a stuffed and roasted coon, and the gentle hostess remarked that she had "coon on the table, and coon all around," which ocular observations gave positive proof of its truth.

In the last week's "Times" I notice an attempt at poetry under the head "Love's Lament" by "Prickly Pear brother-in-law to Cactus." Now what I want to say to the readers of the Times is this:

1st, I never had a brother-in-law who disgraced himself to such a pitch as to attempt to write poetry.

2d, The only brother-in-law that I ever had went to prison for stealing sheep, and his sentence was so long that years must elapse ere he basks in the sunshine of liberty.

3d, If he is my impaled and imprisoned brother-in-law, when did you make your escape? the particulars of which I have no doubt would much, very much indeed, amuse the readers of the "Times" worked up into poetry.

OLD CACTUS.

Musings by a Visiting Typo.

Reminiscence. This paragraph is put in type by old and stiffened fingers, and its lines "justified" beneath an impaired vision. Twenty years ago—alas! how brief, how swift, their flight, as reflected from this near world of "period" and "space" spread out before me. Men have changed, and time. Nations and empires have arisen, and have tottered to their fall, since these old orbs have dimmed, and once deft fingers have nearly forgotten their "cunning." But thou, old Art, "preservative of all art"—my boyish joy and love! age dims not thy lustre, nor impairs thy powers. Since I left thee, life's dream has sped on, how strange! how weird! thyself its only record, and interpreter. Truest and most faithful harbinger of the "Times" long wilt thou live, to chronicle the ages as they roll. When the lordly bison shall cease to switch his humble "narrative" adown the lovely vales of the mighty Arkansas, and after the last resounding note of the "Saratoga's" geyser fiddle has broken wild upon the broad, palatial avenues of Dodge. Fare thee well, old Art! a long and last farewell! Amidst an enforced retirement to other "green fields and pastures new," still wilt thou be cherished amidst many sunniest memories, nor e'er be effaced by toxicin alarm of the festive long-born, or the groundling grunt of the ferocious porcine quadruped, which shall wander adown the Arkansas valley, and now alas! my base-r hope and trust.

From a private letter from Camp Supply we learn that 500 Pawnee Indians are encamped near there. They are out on a hunt, and are guarded by an escort of U. S. Troops. Supply was visited by a terrible rain storm on the 25th ult.

LOVE'S LAMENT, OR WHAT SHALL I DO.

BY PRICKLY PEAR.

CANTO II.

"Away, vile cur!" Sir Romeo cried, With brace of pistols at his side, His color redish, tinged with white, His gray eyes fierce, with angered light, And so venomous was his gaze, The beholders stood filled with amaze, Nor could they think what next would come. He gave a quick, sharp, eager hum, Then bounded forward with tragic stride, Saying, "The one who wrote them lines he lied, And if I knew I'd shoot him dead— Give him a dose of cold, cold lead." What! is he mad? O yes, indeed. Straight-jacket him, for sure he need Protection in his sad, and lot— The love-sick, whining idiot. With sullen thoughts did he then write A challenge to Simp, him to fight, And appointed the time and hour To meet him in the willow bower, But when the hour was up they say The love-sick Romeo was away. Well knowing the odds 'twixt foot and horse, His pluck would not his wrath endorse. So, like a coward, then and there Retracted all his words with care, And then sat down and wrote a letter, Pledging her that he'd do better If she 'would only take him back And give that drunken Simp the sack 'That I will ever faithful be If you drop Simp and take up me.' 'Go bag your head, the fair one said, An idiot I cannot wed. Though Simp may drink and drunken grow, He's brains, which you have not, you know, And if he drinks, why, so do you, So farewell, Corp—adieu, adieu."

Romeo, with both sighs and moans, Had heart beat like a weight of stones. Mingled curses 'scaped his lips, His eyes with angry wrath ellipsed. To all who passed him by he said: 'There is not one to lend me aid, So if I can't make her my bride I'll shoot myself—I'll suicide. The world's foul people shall no more Upbraid me with their lood uproar. With dreamt-up eyes my spirit flies To seek a home in paradise.' What, is he dead? Then let him go Down to his dad—the devil show How low his son can here degrade, And what an ass of himself made. It brings a sigh, both wild and dread, To take the living for the dead. And as chance ghosts through night do prowl, So does Romeo, like an owl Strut about in the cold night air, Wild with remorse, mad with despair, Trying to solve who 'twas that sent To the Times the 'Love's Lament.

\$500 Reward!

Whereas, V. F. Wyman was murdered in Comanche county, Kansas, on or about the 6th day of October, 1877, and whereas Dan Henson, alias "Cherokee Dan" is known to be the perpetrator of said crime, and is now at large and a fugitive from justice: Now, therefore, I, Geo. T. Anthony, Governor of the State of Kansas, by virtue of the authority in me vested by law, do offer a reward of five hundred dollars for the arrest and conviction of the said Dan Henson, alias "Cherokee Dan" of the crime above charged.

In Testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused to be affixed the great seal of the State, at Topeka, Kansas, this 22d day of November, 1877.

By the Governor: GEO. T. ANTHONY, THOS. H. CAVANAUGH, Secretary of State.

The particulars of the murder committed by Henson were published in the TIMES immediately after the tragedy occurred, and our readers will be glad to learn that the Governor is using the means in his power to help bring the ruffians of the border to justice.

Settle.

Mr. M. Collar wants everybody to come and settle up their accounts or the said accounts will be placed in the hands of Mr. W. N. Morphey for collection.

Indian Captives.

LEAVENWORTH, Nov. 26.—The Nezperces Indians captured by Gen. Miles, including Chief Joseph, arrived here last evening and were placed in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, where they will be kept until a reservation in Indian Territory is provided for them.

Monday the celebrated billiardist Alby engaged Ronan, the champion of Dodge, in a game of 1,000 points—Ronan receiving a double discount. Alby won.—Hayes Sentinel.

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